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SPEECH  
OF THE  
HON. EDWARDS PIERREPONT,

DELIVERED BEFORE

The Republican Mass Meeting, at Wilgus Hall,

ITHICA, N. Y.,

*October 11th, 1872.*

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*Fellow-Citizens :*

LEARNED naturalists tell us that the animals which came out of the ark were the same in kind as those which now exist, and that each, after his kind, from the lion to the kid, had the same appetites, the same instincts, the same *animal nature* as now. *Human nature* was the same before the flood as it is to-day. That Cain murdered his brother, you all know; but did you ever think what he killed him for?—Jealousy—that was all—jealousy, because his younger brother's offering was more acceptable to the Lord. Inspired by the same jealousy, Joseph's brethren determined to murder him, but at the suggestion of one less cruel, they mingled a little avarice with their envy, and sold their brother as a slave. Murderers of the life, for jealousy, are a little out of date, but in their stead, we have assassins of the reputation.

Formerly those who differed in opinion were put to the rack; now they are put to the public newspapers and to public speakers; the torture is more refined, and wrings the deep anguish from the soul, runs through the household nerves, from wife to prattling child, and fiends have new delight.

In our Saviour's time they brought to him a woman who had done a wrong, and wanted to stone her to death. The Saviour said, "Well, stone her to death, as you claim to have the law, only do it in this way: gather the stones, form the ring, put her in the midst, and let him that is without sin among you, cast the first stone." These virtuous hypocrites, so eager to vindicate the law, looked one on the other, and every arm was palsied, and not a stone was thrown, and they went

out one after another, and the poor woman was left unhurt, alone.

But now men's consciences have grown so blunted, or they themselves have grown so free from fault, that they cloud the noonday-sun with stones, which they throw so thickly at their fellow-men ; and of all, the President of the United States is the one most assailed. His ordeal, severe as that of ancient martyr, he has stood. He has walked with unshodden feet over the burning plowshares, and through the crackling flames, and the innumerable voters of Nebraska and of Maine, of Vermont, Ohio and Pennsylvania looked on, and when they saw him issue from the fires without a blister upon his feet or a singe upon his garment, in loud and overwhelming numbers they gave him their vote ; and all the people say : AMEN !

The election of Grant is secure ; but we must redeem our great State, out of which four years ago, Gen. Grant was defrauded by false counting.

The news which we have just received is sure to make the Greeley men abandon the national contest and cause them to concentrate all their energies upon this State. If they can secure New York, then they have a good nucleus for future plot against the union of the States and the success of free government.

The late war was not an accident. It grew out of the two great contending principles which have ever, from time to time, convulsed the world. The contest between good and evil, between freedom and slavery, between liberty of conscience and tyranny of the soul, between God and the Devil ; and this warfare will continue, until He, whose right it is to reign, shall have put all enemies under his feet.

This new plot against the Union and the liberties of the country was hatched of secession brains. It began before Mr. Greeley made his memorable tour through Texas and the South, in the Spring of 1871. After his return he made and published a speech in the city of New York, on the 12th of June : in it several passages occur which we did not then understand, the meaning of which the Baltimore Convention made clear. As a specimen of those passages, then obscure, but since so plain, we cite the following :

“But, gentlemen, the past is past. Let the dead bury their dead. *I am perfectly willing to pass receipts with the REPUBLICAN PARTY, and say that our accounts are now settled and closed.*”

This was uttered by Mr. Greeley to a large assembly in the city of New York, while fresh from his meeting with Jeff. Davis and other leading rebels of the South. We did not then imagine that they were going to make him the Democratic candidate in 1872. But he did; and hence his notice, that he was ready to close accounts and pass receipts with the Republican party. The account is closed—no receipts are needed—what profits he will reap from the new partnership, next November will disclose. Secession Georgia has gone for him by an overwhelming vote; the Grant men were driven from the polls. I dare say that Texas and Tennessee and other rebel States will follow this example. We can “forgive them, only because they know not what they do.” This Southern plot to get control of the government by the seduction of an ambitious, able Northern man, and a lifelong enemy, is not new. Reference to the past will throw light upon the present. It was well known in the early winter of 1850, that Mr. Webster had partly prepared a speech in harmony with the sentiments of his life on the subject of slavery. On the 14th of February he wrote to his friend, Peter Harvey, as follows:

“ WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1850.

“ My dear Sir,—I do not partake, *in any degree*, in those apprehensions which you say some of our friends entertain of the dissolution of the Union, or the breaking up of the government     \*     \*     \*

“ I have, thus far, upon a good deal of reflection, thought it advisable to hold my peace. If a moment shall come that any temperate, rational and practical *speech* which I can make would be useful, I shall do the best I can. One purpose I wish to execute—and that is, to call on Mr. Berrien, and other Southern gentlemen, to state distinctly *what are these acts of the North, which, it is said, constitute a series of aggressions by the North on the South.*

“ This matter ought to be looked into a little more carefully than it has been. *Let the North keep cool.*”

And to give a little foretaste of what that “*speech*” was to be,

he wrote the very next day to Rev. Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, as follows :

“ WASHINGTON, February, 15, 1850.

“ My dear sir,—I was a good deal moved, I confess, by reading your letter of the 9th January. Having regard for your talents and character, I could not feel indifferent to what you said, when you intimated that there was, or might be, in me, a power to do good, not yet exercised or developed. It may be so; but I fear, my dear sir, that you overrate, not my desire, but my power, to be useful in my day and generation. *From my earliest youth I have regarded slavery as a great moral and political evil.*

“ I think it unjust, repugnant to the natural equity of mankind, founded only on superior power; a standing and permanent conquest by the stronger over the weaker. All pretence of defending it on the ground of different races, I have ever condemned. I have ever said that if the black man is weaker, that is a reason against—not for, his subjugation and oppression. In a religious point of view, I have ever regarded it, and ever spoken of it, not as subject to any express denunciations, either in the Old Testament or the New, but as opposed to *the whole spirit of the Gospel, and to the teachings of Jesus Christ.*

“ The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of kindness, justice and brotherly love. But slavery is not kindly affectioned; it does not *let the oppressed go free.* It is, as I have said, but a continued act of oppression.”

How incredible, that “ *the speech*” which was expected to call Mr. Berrien and the other Southern gentlemen to account for their arrogant charges against the North, and in favor of “ letting the oppressed go free,” should, in *three short weeks*, have been turned into an argument in support of the most infamous law to oppress the slave, and in scorn and mockery of the “ higher law,” as taught by the religion of Christ!

A crashing thunder-clap from a cloudless sky could not have more startled the astonished North! A Southern senator had suggested, that there was an able statesman in the North who, if his mind expanded to embrace the views and interests of the whole country, would be made the next President of the United States. All knew to whom the allusion pointed. Webster was then sixty-eight years old. His dream of years had been the presidency. He fancied that oft repeated dream was now to be reality; and he suppressed his honest speech, which was in

harmony with the teachings of his youth, the record of his life, the convictions of his conscience, and the holiest sentiments of every enlightened friend in the civilized world ; and perverting his great intellect to the unholy use of trying to make his trusting countrymen believe that right was wrong, and wrong was right ; to make them “conquer their prejudices,” violate their consciences, abandon the worship of God, and prostrate themselves before the Devil, who had, from a high mountain, promised him, what he valued more than all the kingdoms of the world, —the Presidency,—if he would fall down and worship him, Webster fell before the tempter, and rose to make his memorable speech of March the 7th, 1850. A speech which shocked the moral sense of the Christian world—made mourning in ten thousand honest hearts that loved him, and had trusted him so long, and threw into painful perplexing doubt ten times ten thousand more. But the deed was done. A conscientious wave of murmur rolled deeply down towards Washington, and the “Godlike Daniel” heard it ; but his tempters flattered him, and soon after made him Secretary of State, and told him that the presidency was near. The accursed law was passed, and to show their contempt and unutterable scorn of what they called “the dough-faced, mean and mercenary North,” they inserted a provision in the bill, that if the evidence induced the commissioner to surrender the hunted slave to the claimant master, then the commissioner should be paid by the *United States* \$10 for the service, but only *half* that sum if the evidence showed the man was free.

Webster had helped the slave-hunters to all they asked, but the slave-hunters had not yet given the promised presidency in return ; but, being men of boasted honor and chivalry extreme, they will surely keep their word—of course they will ; they would challenge you, stab you, or beat you after the style of Brooks, if you suggest that they will not keep their promise to Webster. But the Convention is hard by, and in June, 1852, it met. They balotted many times ; and how many Southern votes did Mr. Webster get?—Not a vote ! Two known and trusted slave-holders had their votes.

A Virginian was nominated for President, and a North-Carolinian for Vice-President. But Webster had not one Southern vote—not one.

He did not wait for the election, but went home to die.

At Marshfield, beside the sounding sea, he looked through those solemn eyes out upon the vast ocean :—all was gloom ; he looked within ; and memories of his young days upon New Hampshire's hills came back ; his early trust, his honest youth, his religious teachings, his manly faith in God and truth, the faces he had loved, the numbers in his adopted State who had trusted him almost as a savior, and given their consciences to his keeping ; and now they loved him sadly, but trusted him no more—the panorama of his whole life unrolled, and he saw it all—his great heart turned within him, and of no disease, he died. There prone he lay,—the grandest, saddest wreck, that ever stranded on ambition's shore.

But “his works do follow him.” Northern gentlemen were made slave-hunters for the South ; and Commissioners, sitting as Judges on human liberty, generally earned the ten dollars, and found evidence that the victim was a slave. Some fathers killed themselves, and some mothers killed their children, to escape the horrors of slavery.

The higher law was scoffed, and Northern pulpits furnished their full quota of subservient tools, and wittily laughed about the “higher law.” Two years passed on, and then in obedience to the slave-owners’ mandate, that sacred compact with the North, known as the Missouri compromise, which excluded slavery “*forever*” from all territory north of 36° 30' was repealed, and a boastful senator said in his place, that he would “call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill.” When this base deed of perfidy was done, then rose the mighty North, and the great Republican party sprang to life. In its first campaign it was defeated by Buchanan, but showed such strength that the South saw that the awakened conscience of the North could not be hushed by threats or bribes, and that slavery was doomed.

Then the plot to subvert our government earnestly began ; then followed the election of Lincoln in 1860, which the slave-holders desired as the pretext for the overthrow of free government in the states. Buchanan was timid and infirm of purpose ; Breckenridge was a bold, ambitious slave-holder from Kentucky. The first plan, in the winter before the inauguration of Mr.

Lincoln, was to force Mr. Buchanan to resign, and leave the government in the hands of Breckenridge, whom the plotters could trust. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky were to join; march thirty thousand troops into Washington, declare the Union dissolved, and form a new union with these four States surrounding the District of Columbia, and Breckenridge legitimately at the head; the Southern States were all to join this new confederacy; the north-west were to be invited in; the middle States, it was supposed, would follow from commercial interests, and thus "a bloodless revolution," as the traitors called it, was to be accomplished, and New England, with her twelve senators and her troublesome conscience, was to be left out.

This plan, written by one of the conspirators, is now in the city of New York, with comments reflecting severely upon Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, because he refused to join in the treason. I mentioned the substance of this to Gen. Scott, at West Point, during the war. "True, sir," said he—"true, sir, every word of it; I was consulted about it—they did not ask me to join in it, but to remain quiescent; I prevented it; Gov. Hicks was shivering in the wind, sir, shivering in the wind, and I stiffened him up—I prevented it."

This plot failing, secession followed, and the terrible war came. These men whom slavery had made tyrants could brook no interference with their absolute power. They frankly said, that they would rather "reign in hell than serve in heaven," and during four full years they enjoyed the luxury of that kind of sovereignty, until Jeff. Davis fled in the disguise of a woman's petticoats before the soldiers' of Grant. From that hour they have plotted to regain their power and restore their "lost cause;" not by war—they had tried that—but by diplomacy; not out of the Union, but in it. They have never for one moment repented—never admitted that they were wrong, but have always insisted that they were right. Jeff. Davis, in his triumphal progress through the South, in May last, denounces all as "*covrils*" who "accept the situation" and who admit that the arbitrament of the sword has decided their condition. They nowhere accept the situation, but only yield to might, which they all say is not right, but only a temporary condition

of necessity. They remembered the great Daniel Webster, and they knew that Horace Greeley was from the same granite State, but of less granite stuff, of a more restless and equally unsatisfied ambition, and they singled him out as their man. Mr. Greeley was not the choice of the Liberal Republicans, but was forced upon them by the intrigues of the secessionists of the South, allied with the copperheads of the North.

The same breed of men which tempted Daniel Webster from his allegiance to the North and to freedom, have now seduced Mr. Greeley to abandon his convictions of a lifetime for the hope of the Presidency. This is a secession plot, an unnatural alliance, a coalition, in which every hater of the Union joins. It will surely fail. The forces will be routed and scattered in disgrace, and thousands who are now in the combination will be ashamed of it and conceal it as a crime. It is based upon no principle. It is neither natural or honest, and it must come to grief.

Do the Democratic party think that Mr. Greeley is *fit* to be President? Does Mr. Greeley think that the Democratic Party are fit to *make* a president? Hear what each says of the other!

So recently as the 6th of last June, the *World* cited a large number of extracts from the *Tribune*, to prove that no Democrat with the slightest self-respect, could support Mr. Greeley. Out of a large number of these extracts from the *Tribune*, I read a few :

“ If there were not a newspaper nor a common school in the country, the democratic party would be far stronger than it is. Neither elementary instruction nor knowledge of transpiring events, is necessary to teach the essential articles of the democratic creed: ‘ Love rum and have niggers.’ The less one learns and knows, the more certain he is to ‘ vote the larger ticket, from A to Izzard.’ ”

“ If democracy has concocted or borrowed an ‘ interference theory,’ which justifies such meddling, it is a worse theory than even we had supposed. All do know that there are several hundred thousand mulattoes in this country; and we presume no one has any serious doubt that the fathers of at least nine-tenths of them, are white democrats.”

“ The *World* recently gave a graphic account of the dens and denizens which give character to the Five Points, and other

'slums' of our city—a class, perhaps, lower in the scale of being than can be found in any heathen city on earth."

"We thereupon asked our contemporary to state frankly whether the pugilists, black-legs, thieves, burglars, keepers of dens of prostitution, &c., &c., who make up so large a share of our city's inhabitants, were not almost unanimously democrats."

"For the last thirty years, every American slave-holder on the African coast, has accounted himself a democrat. So, every one who chooses to live by pugilism, or gambling, or harlotry, with nearly every keeper of a tippling-house, is politically a democrat."

Speaking of the Democratic party, he said :

"It is rebel at the core to-day—hardly able to reconcile the defeats of Lee, Johnston, Bragg, Hood and Price, and the consequent downfall of its beloved Confederacy, with its traditional faith in Divine Providence. It would hail the election of a Democratic President in 1872 as a virtual reversal of the Appomattox surrender. It would come into power with the hate, the chagrin, the wrath, the mortification of ten bitter years to impel and guide its steps. It would devote itself to taking off or reducing tax after tax, until the Treasury was deprived of the means of paying interest on the national debt, and would hail the tidings of national bankruptcy with unalloyed gladness and unconcealed exultation. Whatever chastisement may be deserved for our national sins, we must hope that this disgrace and humiliation will be spared us."

And the *World*, commenting upon these extracts, said :

"If he does still think that all the vilest classes, all the scum and dregs of the community, are drawn to the Democratic Party by a sympathetic chord, he disgraces himself in asking for democratic suffrages; and if these incessant charges of thirty years are wanton calumnies, it would be an indescribable baseness on the part of Democrats to adopt him as their candidate. If the party is infected with such a loathsome moral leprosy as he has so perpetually asserted, how utterly *vile and sordid must be his hankering for office to 'come also among them!'* He wound up one of his *fioul* tirades against the Democracy by saying: '*May it be written on my grave that I was never its follower, and lived and died in nothing its debtor.*' And let the people say, *Amen!*'"

And on the 25th of last May, this same *World* newspaper said :

"We have demonstrated, over and over again, that Mr. Greeley is an unfair disputant; that he is *perverse, ignorant, wrong-headed, sophistical and argumentatively dishonest*; that his views are at all points opposite to those of the Democratic Party; that his judgment is as unsound as his impulses are wayward." \*

\* \* \*

It estimates Mr. Greeley now, as itself and all Democrats estimated him up to the moment of his unexpected nomination; and because it keeps right on in maintaining its long-settled opinion of a man whom it has always regarded as a *fanatic and a charlatan*, it is—'erratic.' Which is much the same thing as saying that a line of undeviating straightness runs zig-zag.

"Mr. Greeley is a very antithesis of a Democrat. He has strenuously fought the Democratic Party all his life. *There is no one question, either of principle or policy, on which he agrees with us except the transient question of amnesty.* By nominating him we should stultify ourselves as Free Traders; stultify ourselves as opponents of the paternal theory of government; stultify ourselves as the champions of State Rights: stultify ourselves as antagonists of the Ku-Klux law, the odious bayonet election law, martial law in the Southern States, and the whole series of subjugating measures which Mr. Greeley has championed, and the Democratic Party has unanimously opposed, within the last two or three years. We have not altered our opinion of these detestable laws, and Mr. Greeley has not changed his. For either to change now, or rather to profess a change, in order to help on the proposed coalition, would have such an air of insincerity that the self-respect of both parties should forbid them to publish so hollow a renunciation."

On the 5th of last June, the *World* further said :

"The truth is, that Mr. Greeley has next to no Republican strength, and that his most active Democratic support comes from the *trading element of the party and the followers which that element controls*. It was, therefore, a cunning piece of strategy to hold the ratification meeting in this city, the seat of the shivered Tammany Ring. If the sheep were fairly separated from the goats it would be found that Mr. Greeley's supporters in this city consist almost entirely of *that class of Democrats whom he has been accustomed to denounce in the Tribune as the dregs and offscouring of creation.*"

Mr. O'Conor, in a letter to Judge Lyon, of Richmond, dated September 30th, 1872, speaking of the Southern men and of Mr. Greeley, says :

"The desolation of which they complain is attributable to him. The long and disastrous war that filled his "bloody chasm" with fratricidal slaughter, and involved the whole country in debt and demoralization is due to the "unequaled energy," combined with the folly, of this one exceedingly able, exceedingly amiable and exceedingly mischievous man. I regard the possibility of his election with inexpressible aversion. If the ideas of heathen times prevailed, I would cheerfully surrender my person as a sacrifice on the altar of that deity whose controlling events might thus be propitiated and induced to save my country from the impending evil."

These extracts abundantly show how hollow, how false, dishonest and unnatural is this coalition of the Greeley men with the Democratic Party.

The people have never distrusted Gen. Grant, and he has never distrusted them ; in our darkest hour he did not doubt for one moment that the people would vote right ; we are apt to trust those who trust us, and to like those who like us. When the first news of the North Carolina election came and looked so gloomy for our cause, the President said to an old life-long friend, "General, don't be disturbed, you and I have camped out upon the plains, and heard the wolves howl at night ; you would think from the noise that there were a thousand, but we know that there were not more than three." The false howling from North Carolina did not disturb the President at all.

The news which we have just received from Pennsylvania and Ohio assures the success of Gen. Grant. His election means peace, continued, and vastly increased prosperity. All business-men feel that, and many a democrat will deposit a silent vote for Gen. Grant, rather than risk the commercial disturbance and financial distrust which would follow the election of Mr. Greeley.

I concede that to a capitalist of colossal means, general prosperity is not always the most profitable. Disturbance and financial distress vastly increases the opportunity of such men to double their wealth. They take advantage of the depressed market, and make heavy purchases of stocks, of bonds, of goods of various kinds, and when the market turns, they sell at enormous profit. The beginning of the war caused great commercial distress, and soon the great fortunes were

largely increased, while many of the smaller ones perished utterly. The relative distance between the *rich*, and those of moderate means has widened immensely within a few years. A great millionaire can truly say that *he* does not fear any financial difficulty from the election of Horace Greeley; I dare say, he would profit by it. In depressed times the rich grow richer, and the poor, poorer; I speak not for the very few of enormous wealth, but for the men of business generally.

Our people are awake to this new coalition of rebels, copperheads, disappointed republicans and ambitious politicians, and they will scatter it like chaff by the overwhelming re-election of General Grant.

We hear much about the North keeping up hostile feelings, and refusing to "clasp hands across the bloody chasm." Who dug the chasm and filled it up with blood? Who prevents the green-sward from growing over it? Who imposed the carpet-baggers upon the South?—themselves have done it all, and they alone are responsible. It is time to stop this senseless cant about the way the South have been treated. Badly governed they are, I grant, but it is their own mad fault. Let them accept the situation, return allegiance to the Union, and honestly aid the government in restoring peace, good will, harmony, and just government to all, and there is not an imagined right which the generous North would not too cheerfully give. But while they *allow* scourgings and torture, and murder of innocent men, for opinion sake, or applaud to the echo the sentiments of their rebel chief, who tells them that all "*are cowards* who accept the situation," they cannot expect peace, influx of capital and new population, or any great prosperity.

The troubles in the south are the fruits of their own doings, and they are not chargeable to the north. When justice and good sense take the place of sullen pride and revengeful passions, they can have liberal treatment and prosperity without a parallel. Their bad rulers are chosen by their own voters, and the North are no more to blame for their dishonest governors than are the South for the official thieves who have stolen our substance. Away with these false charges against the North, and the administration of Gen. Grant, in relation to the South. They are not made in the interests of the Union and the good

government of the United States—they are the offspring of rebel hate, and the disappointed malice of ambitious men.

Mr. Greeley's coalition cannot capture this State. It is *sure* for Gen. Grant for the following reasons:

*First.*—It was really carried for Grant four years ago, when the democratic party was in the height of its power, united, and in the most perfect discipline.

*Second.*—Mr. Greeley cannot poll the vote which Gov. Seymour polled, by more than twenty thousand.

*Third.*—Gen. Grant will get a colored vote of full seventeen thousand, which he did not get in 1868.

*Fourth.*—The Tammany ring is broken up, all their power is gone, and there will be no false counting this year.

*Fifth.*—The Ring cannot rob the public treasury and debauch petty leaders by stolen money.

*Sixth.*—The honest Democrats have no heart in voting for Greeley—they think his nomination by the party a blunder and a fraud, and most of them will not vote for him.

*Seventh.*—The Republicans carried the State last fall by a large majority, and most of the reformers will now vote for Grant. It is safe to predict that he will carry the State by more than twenty thousand.

I shall rejoice when the vote is cast, and the election settled, for more reasons than one. It will leave the way clear for the consideration of the great questions which are sure to arise within the next five years. The question of Mexico, the question of tariff, the question of taxes, the question of finance, the question of acquisition of new territory, and the labor question. These questions will force themselves upon us, and they will get considered. I went two days ago to the office of the Board of Health, in the city of

New York, and asked for a report of the deaths in the city. I hold the report in my hand. Two thousand eight hundred and twenty-six children under five years old died in a single month this summer. Their little dying plaint will come up some day, and ask us why we let so many die? The doctors say unwholesome food and polluted air was the chief cause. Is there no relief from unwholesome food and polluted air in this *rich, sea-washed* city of ours? I have no time to night for these discussions; they will intrude themselves upon the stage before long, and you will hear about them.

I ask no better evidence of the hopeless condition of our opponents than the wild and desperate measures to which they resort. This is the first time that I have seen religion made prominent in politics; the first time that I have known eminent men invoke religious prejudices in favor of one and against the other candidate; and may it be the last. Let Jew or Greek, Protestant or Catholic, worship God as his conscience dictates, but do not bring his religious faith into political strife. Vote for the man who is right on the great questions affecting the union of the States and the safety of our country. Vote for him who is capable and honest, who was right on the war, and who has continued right on the questions involved in that war, and never ask whether he be Protestant, Episcopal or Roman Catholic.

On the next day after Mr. Kernan was nominated for Governor, the *Tribune* told us in a very significant article that he was “*a sincere and earnest* Roman Catholic.” What was that paraded for? Every one knows. Did any Republican paper say that Gen. Dix was “*a sincere and earnest*” member of the Protestant Episcopal church? No; nothing of the kind would have been tolerated. But we have another man—Governor Seymour—a more adroit and skillful politician, seizing in desperation upon the religious question, and trying by cunning phrase to set voters against Gen. Dix because he is a Protestant, and in favor of Mr. Kernan because he is “*a sincere and earnest* Roman Catholic!” Hear him. I read from his Oneida speech, published in the Albany *Argus*, Sept. 23d, as follows:

“In looking over the history of my State I found that we

have never had a Catholic Governor, though Catholics constitute about one-third of the population *and a very large share of the voters.* One thing I cannot bear to have said, they have been voting for Protestants for nearly a hundred years, and *I cannot bear to have it said* that Protestants are more bigoted than Catholics, and *I cannot vote once for a Catholic* in return. Every public man in the State has asked Catholics for their votes. I ask them if they cannot reciprocate the favor."

Vote against General Dix—speak against him if you will, Governor Seymour, but do not invoke religious prejudice to your aid ; do not bring the crosier, and the vestments, and St. Peter's key and the triple crown from the mouldering Vatican and the old hills of Rome, and insist that free Americans shall bow down to these baubles. Don't raise such issues here ; you may light a fire which you cannot extinguish, and you will bring the spirits of your New England sires from their forgotten graves to chide their recreant son, and tell him, that to the manly soul, there is *one thing* more dear than houses, or lands, or political success, or wife, or child, or life itself, and that is—" *the liberty of enlightened conscience.*"

I ask you to vote for General Dix, not because he is a Protestant and a good, religious man, but because he is an honest man, because he was right on the war, because he has continued right, he has always been right, and he always will be right. He took the side of the Union from the start, he has been devoted to the end. There is not a tarnish upon his long life of devoted service to his country, and we know that in his hands the government of our State will be administered with wisdom, ability, justice and unswerving integrity.

Daniel Webster and Horace Greeley were born amidst the hills of New Hampshire. In the morning of life they breathed the same inspiring air—the air of liberty and of religion. In manly life, they each moved to the great city of their adopted State. Each sought the Presidency through the same unworthy means, and each will share the like fate as sure as there is a God in Heaven. The great Creator rules by laws—unerring and inexorable laws,—and he who resists great *moral* laws will be as surely crushed as though a planet rolled over him.

Horace Greeley will not be the next President of the United States.













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